

Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he majored in economics and philosophy. At Chapel Hill, Mr. Fyfe's lightning intellect flourished; he was equally at home both inside and outside his chosen disciplines. His instructors describe Karleton as a prodigy, the kind of student who makes teaching exciting, rewarding, and easy.

Mr. Fyfe served his family and his country as a successful member of America's financial community in Boston, working as an analyst with Fidelity Investments for eight years before joining John Hancock as a telecom analyst in January. As a financial analyst, he would tell his friends of the seriousness with which he took his important work: "These are people's lives" is how he would describe the retirement accounts in his care.

Mr. Fyfe's family and friends all remember his unique, disarming sense of humor, a quality he used to overcome awkward moments and often to make a point. He died, and his voice has been silenced, but those who had the honor of knowing Karleton are certain that he would have views about his country's reaction to the horror that took his life.

A close friend imagined that Karleton might say: "If you must go to war, be sure somebody is in charge of protecting the innocent. Make sure that our country emerges from this enterprise having improved the condition of all the women and children it will inevitably affect."

Let us take a moment to hear those words. If he thought they could be heard in this forum, Mr. Fyfe would have been glad to give his life in the service of his family, his profession, his country, and the innocent.

I ask consent that two important insertions into the RECORD be in order. The first will be the text of Mr. Fyfe's death notice as published in the Raleigh News and Observer on Thursday, September 13, 2001; it reiterates the profound loss suffered by his family and friends, and it emphasizes the message, which must emerge from his death, of protecting the innocents. The second is an account of Mr. Fyfe's character, friendship, and sense of humor, written by his dear friend, Ric Schellhorn, as published in the Raleigh News and Observer on Tuesday, September 18, 2001; it characterizes Karleton's humanity and humor as only a best friend can.

I now ask consent, that the two documents be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

#### KARLETON DOUGLAS BEYE FYFE

DURHAM.—Karleton Douglas Beye Fyfe's life was taken yesterday on AA flight 11 by the hatred that so poisons part of our humanity—he would not want us to take revenge on innocent people for this cruel, senseless act.

Karleton was born in San Antonio, Texas on a warm, sunny February 10th in 1970. He spent his growing up years in Durham County and graduated from Southern High. He

majored in philosophy and economics at UNC and then worked for Fidelity Investments of Boston for eight years. During that time he married Haven Conley from the Chapel Hill-Durham area, earned a Masters degree in business from Boston University and a CFA certificate, and became father to Jackson before joining the John Hancock Company as a financial analyst in January of this year.

He is survived by his wonderful wife Haven, his adoring son Jackson of 19 months, his parents, Barbara and Jim of Durham, his older sister Tiffany Tanguilig and husband Larry of Alpharetta, GA, his younger sister Erin Yang and husband Carl of Cambridge, MA, his niece and nephew Sydney and Tyler Tanguilig, and his many loving relatives, friends and associates.

Karleton's quick wit, gracious friendliness, keen intelligence and loving family loyalty will be missed by us all.

A memorial service will be held at the Community Church of Chapel Hill at a time to be arranged later. In lieu of flowers the family would be happy to see any donations made to the Orange Durham Coalition for Battered Women in Karleton's name.

#### POINT OF VIEW: ONE AMONG THE THOUSANDS (By Eric Schellhorn)

SAN DIEGO.—Three of us were on the phone the other night reminiscing about our friend when all at once, for a few long, uncomfortable seconds, everyone stopped talking.

Karleton—Karleton D.B. Fyfe, formerly of Durham and Chapel Hill—would have savored the moment: "Pretty cool awkward silence we got going here," he'd have piped up, as he always did when a sober moment rudely encroached on an otherwise loose and limber good time. It was a stock Karleton line, one of his trademarks. Try it sometime. See if anyone in the room can keep a straight face, even if you happen to be talking about the absurd, violent death of a dear friend.

"Writing about me for The N&O, huh?" I hear him saying now, deadpan as you please. "Don't forget to tell them all what a handsome devil I was. And remember to spell 'genius' right. Big newspapers hate typos."

I won't reduce a dignified and accomplished young life to a series of one-liners, but making an indelible impression on people's senses of humor strikes me as an even more lofty accomplishment than the ones you'll read in his formal bio: 31-year-old telecom-industry analyst for John Hancock, MBA from Boston University, earned at night some years back while working full-time for a major mutual fund broker. Those are just the facts, man, and they don't tell you the part of the story that's most worth remembering.

He was a junior from Durham majoring in economics and philosophy when I met him as a first-year grad student at UNC-Chapel Hill. In anyone else, you might have dismissed that incongruous pairing of academic pursuits as an affectation, or a resume-builder. For Karleton, reading Kant or Hegel was the perfect antidote to a steady diet of Keynes and Adam Smith. He'd say: "The best part about reading brilliant economists and brilliant philosophers is that now I have no clue what people in two completely different disciplines are talking about."

Most lives worth remembering embody just these kinds of contradictions: economics and philosophy, class-clown with a work ethic that kept him away from his wife and young son far more than he would have liked, new-era Southern gentleman who inexplicably found himself working shoulder-to-shoulder with Harvard grads in the financial heart of Boston Brahmin country, connoisseur of both Tar Heel baseball caps and fine European-tailored suits.

Back at school, you might have watched him schlep his 6-foot-4 frame around in khaki shorts and T-shirts for three straight months, but you wouldn't have considered trucking out to a morning job interview without rousing him from a sound sleep and asking if the jacket or slacks you'd picked out for yourself made you look like an apprentice televangelist. On one such occasion, I wandered into Karleton's room in the house we shared at school for just this kind of fashion consultation. Chucking diplomacy to the breeze, he wordlessly sized me up, went to his own closet and picked out a necktie of his own that, as he later put it, was a little less "Carnaby Street."

There are people you're proud to call friends, and then there are people whose friends you're proud to be. I always felt I got the better end of our bargain. When Karleton asked me to be the best man at his wedding in 1994, it was like being nominated to an elite inner circle. I repaid the distinction by getting the flu on the morning of his nuptials and passing out cold, mid-ceremony in the early October North Carolina heat. An hour later, the vows exchanged in my absence, he came inside to the couch where I was recovering, threw his arms around me, and said, without a trace of annoyance, "Thanks for giving us the only wedding video in history that'll be worth watching in slo-mo."

Armchair psychologists will tell you people who respond reflexively to tragic or unpleasant events with a joke or offhand remark are invoking a classic little pain-saving defense mechanism called "reaction formation."

Karleton was a world-class reaction-former. I can't say for sure, but my guess is that if he'd been watching Tuesday's events on TV at home, rather than sitting on a plane bound for Los Angeles, he would have summed everything up with a vintage understatement: "Man, whoever did all this . . . they're gonna have to give back a lot of those humanitarian awards."

#### IN MEMORY OF CLYDE L. CHOATE

MR. DURBIN. Mr. President, I rise today with great sadness to mark the passing of an American hero and an Illinois legend. Clyde Choate spent his 81 years in service to his country and to his State, and we are fortunate indeed to have known him.

Clyde Choate was an Illinoisan through and through, born in downstate Franklin County and a lifelong resident of nearby Union County. Southern Illinois is the heart of coal country, and Clyde came from a family for whom mining was both a way of living and a way of life. Perhaps we can trace his later ability to stand up for himself as a State legislator to the fact that he had 11 brothers and sisters. Anyone growing up in a 14-member household would feel right at home in a large deliberative body.

Shortly after the outbreak of World War II, Clyde enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army and found himself deployed to the European theater, where he spent some 31 months. It was there, on the battlefields of France, that Staff Sergeant Clyde Choate demonstrated a determination and pride that would mark his public service for the rest of his life.

In late October of 1944, the tank destroyer battalion Choate commanded

was engaged by a German tank and company of infantrymen. With his anti-tank weaponry destroyed, Staff Sergeant Choate left a position of safety to search for trapped comrades and to chase the enemy tank, which was by then moving to attack American troops nearby. Grabbing a rocket launcher, Choate singlehandedly attacked the tank, disabling it, and then killed its crew with his pistol. He completed destruction of the German vehicle while under heavy enemy fire by dropping a grenade into the turret. With their firepower rendered useless, the German troops retreated, having been turned back solely through the heroic actions of Staff Sergeant Clyde Choate.

In presenting him with the Congressional Medal of Honor, this country's highest award, in the East Room of the White House on August 23, 1945, President Harry Truman noted that "Staff Sergeant Choate's great daring in assaulting an enemy tank single-handed, his determination to follow the vehicle after it had passed his position, and his skill and crushing thoroughness in the attack prevented the enemy from capturing a battalion command post and turned a probable defeat into a tactical success."

A New York Times story written that day notes that President Truman thanked the medal recipients and commented that their "deeds demonstrated that when leadership was required, no matter what the emergency, it came to the top through the young men of America." How true these words ring today when we think about the young men and women who are defending our country in the battle against a new and frightening enemy.

Leadership rose to the top through Clyde Choate on a daily basis. His political career was born that late summer day in our Nation's capital when the young veteran seized his opportunity to lobby at the highest level and expressed to President Truman his concerns about the coal industry in southern Illinois. Perhaps, President Truman suggested, the young Clyde Choate should run for public office. The very next year, Clyde was a candidate for the Illinois House of Representatives and won. He took up residence in Union County's seat and kept it warm for the next 30 years. In that three-decade span, he served as both minority and majority leader of the Illinois House many times.

I remember State Representative Clyde Choate. He was passionately committed to southern Illinois but could always find common ground with his colleagues from the ethnic neighborhoods of our State's biggest cities. His common sense and great sense of humor made him a trusted leader and favorite friend of Democrats and Republicans alike. After leaving the Illinois General Assembly, Clyde Choate became a strong voice for Southern Illinois University.

Last year when I visited southern Illinois, my friend Clyde Choate came to

my town meeting. Though illness had dimmed his vision, nothing could dim his insight. He pulled me to the side and in his characteristic style whispered into my ear about politics, the President and our national agenda. His title was gone but his passion for the important issues of our time was undiminished.

Clyde Choate was a soldier for our great nation and a fighter for the great State of Illinois. We have benefitted tremendously from his dedication, his drive and above all, his leadership. He will be sorely missed by the people of Illinois and, most especially, by his neighbors and friends in Union County, all of whom he so tirelessly served.

#### ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

##### THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SEAFORD, DELAWARE FIRE DEPARTMENT

• Mr. BIDEN. Mr. President, on November 10th, 1901, several leading citizens of Seaford, DE met in the Town Council room to discuss the organization of a fire company. They understood what we are so very mindful of today, that local firefighters are a key part of our first and best defense against disaster.

By the end of November 1901, there were more than 50 members of the new Seaford Volunteer Fire Department, and W.H. Miller had been elected to serve as its first president. The first chief, T.H. Scott, was elected in early December, and soon after led the company on its first fire response on December 18th, 1901, at a building that was both a store and a home on Seaford's High Street.

The Seaford firefighters used hand-drawn hose reels and ladder trailers until 1921, when the first fire engine was purchased. It is worth taking note that Government money helped buy that first engine, a reminder that a public investment in the fire service is necessary and appropriate. This partnership is all the more important 80 years later, when we ask our firefighters to respond to such a range of threats and dangers.

Today, the Seaford Volunteer Fire Company fleet includes four Pierce fire engines, an aerial truck, two ambulances, a rescue truck, a brush truck, a utility truck and a van, as well as "Old Number 4," a 1948 Seagraves used for fire prevention programs. Four paid ambulance attendants now serve the community, with more than 50 volunteer firefighters still ready to answer the call when their neighbors need them, and 50 more volunteers working in support of the Department.

As we honor the heroes of September 11th, including so many members of New York's Bravest, we stand in prayerful wonder and immeasurable gratitude for what firefighters sacrifice and risk on our behalf. They are, truly, the best of neighbors and the best of citizens.

The Seaford Volunteer Fire Department has been a part of that great tradition for 100 years, and on behalf of the people of my state, and on behalf of the United States Senate, I am proud to extend congratulations to Chief Steve Mayer, President Rich Toulson and all the men and women who have kept the Department and the community strong into a second century of service. Again, we are very proud, and we are deeply grateful.●

##### CONGRATULATING BARBARA ELY RITTER ON 30 YEARS' FEDERAL SERVICE WITH THE U.S. FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE

• Mr. MURKOWSKI. Mr. President, I would like to take a moment to congratulate an exceptional Federal employee and friend, Barbara Ely Ritter, who on October 18 of this year will complete 30 years of Federal service with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service.

Mrs. Ritter is currently Chief of Budget Execution for the USFWS here in Washington, D.C. But her career extends back to 1971 when, as she tells it, as a newly arrived "Cheechako" in Anchorage, Alaska, confronting an extremely tight job market, she was faced with a choice between two career paths: night clerk in a liquor store or temporary clerk/typist with the USFWS. Fortunately for the Service and for the taxpayers, Mrs. Ritter chose the latter path.

Thus began a career that has taken her from Alaska to New Mexico to North Carolina to Washington, D.C. to Oregon, and back again to Alaska and the District of Columbia. In each transfer Mrs. Ritter has moved into positions of greater and greater responsibility, establishing along the way a reputation for getting things done and done right. Indeed, she is known in the Service as one of the "go-to" people on budget matters. In addition, she has chosen to share her experience and knowledge with up-and-coming USFWS managers and budget specialists by mentoring and instructing prospective managers through the Service's "Stepping Up to Leadership" program.

She is a regular lecturer at the National Conservation Training Center in Shepherdstown, WV, as well as co-developer of the NCTC's course of budget instruction. In addition, in her various management positions Mrs. Ritter has effectively implemented the Federal Government's oft-stated hiring goals of diversity and quality in its workforce. As an example, she personally led efforts to hire the first visually impaired employee in the USFWS Portland, OR, office—an employee who is, herself, coming up on 10 years' service with the USFWS.

Our nation's future depends to a large degree on the quality and professionalism of the Federal employee. Oft-maligned unjustly, the Federal employee is the person who, ultimately, has to get the job done for America.